

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 5, 1896.

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VOLUME XXVIII.

LIFE

NUMBER 723.



IN CHICAGO.

She: BEFORE I SAY YES, I WANT TO ASK YOU A QUESTION.

"WHAT IS IT, DEAR?"

"DO YOU BELIEVE IN LONG MARRIAGES?"

Reproductions of Colonial Silverware

After Paul Revere and other early American Silversmiths are an important feature in the annual fall exhibition of the

Gorham Mfg. Co.,
Silversmiths,

Broadway & 19th Street,
Fifth Avenue & 26th Street,
23 Maiden Lane.

"FABLES FOR THE TIMES."

A collection of modern fables taken from *Life*. Written by H. W. PHILIPS and illustrated by twenty full-page drawings by T. S. SULLIVANT.

Large quarto, attractively bound in illuminated covers, and for sale by the publishers, R. H. Russell and Son, 33 Rose Street, N. Y., or at the Office of Life Publishing Company.

PRICE, \$1.25.

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Constable & Co.**

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Wilton,
Brussels.

Novel designs and colorings for Fall furnishings

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Persian Carpets,
Indian Carpets,
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OUNCE SKINS.

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LIFE



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Proofs without frames at half the above prices. Make selections from files of LIFE and orders will be promptly filled.

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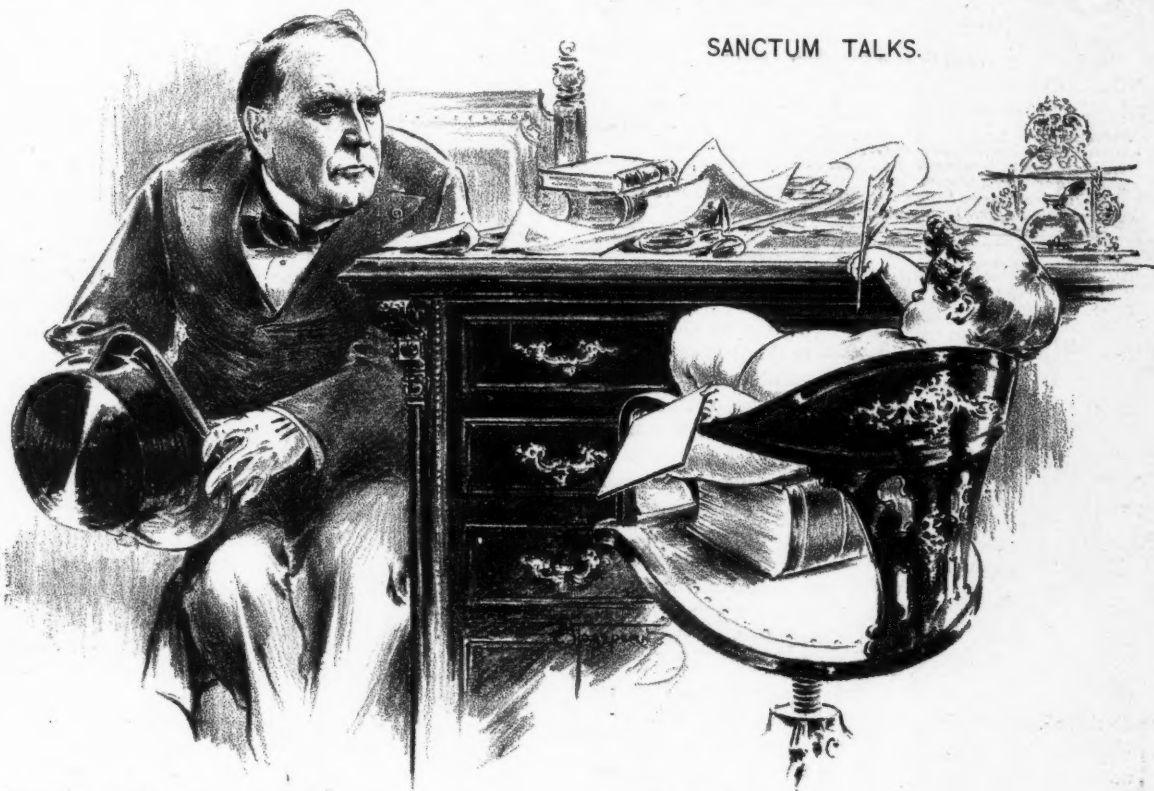
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Minneapolis. Toronto.

SANCTUM TALKS.



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"Why, how are you, Major? You look tired."

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"Yes, I am."

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"Hanna is running things all right?"

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"In spite of—"

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CONSIDERING HIS HEALTH.

CLEVERTON: You didn't take any vacation this year, did you?

DASHAWAY: No. I thought I needed the rest.

Every Package of this popular dentifrice contains:

A large bottle of Liquid Sozodont
A box of Sozodont Powder
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Use liquid Sozodont daily; the powder twice a week. A sample of liquid Sozodont by mail, provided you mention this publication and send three stamps for postage. Address the proprietors of Sozodont, HALL & RUCKEL, Wholesale Druggists, New York City.

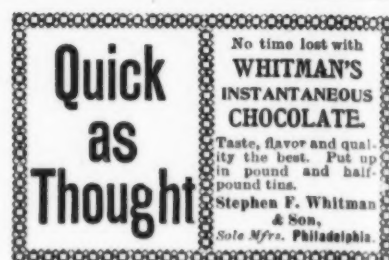


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We find the oil to be PURE OLIVE OIL un-
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other substance. It is free from rancidity, and all
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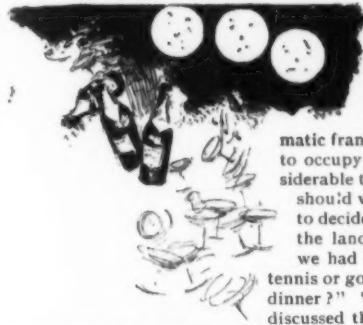
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Price FIVE Dollars.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

A FULL DAY.



A DIPLOMAT stationed at Washington, who has spent the season at Bar Harbor, was asked by a correspondent what amusements they had up there and what they found to occupy their minds with.

"Well," he replied, with undiplomatic frankness, "we always had something to occupy our minds. We had to give considerable thought to the problem of what we should wear. Then every morning we had to decide whether we should go driving in the landau or the cart. In the afternoon we had to decide whether we should play tennis or golf." "But what did you do after dinner?" "Well, in the evening we generally discussed the question whether we should get full at home or at the Kebo Valley Club."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

"Well, sir?" said the great editor.

"I have called," began the visitor, who was visibly agitated, "on a rather painful errand."

"Hum," said the editor, guardedly, foreseeing a poet with a tale of woe and a manuscript.

"My name," continued the visitor, fingering a blotter, "is Gillespie—Henry W. Gillespie. I live in Waukegan—have lived there twenty years last March. I am a barber, and I have a son, Archibald."

"Yes," assented the editor, wondering what the deuce.

"My son Archibald," continued Mr. Gillespie, "is an idiot—that is to say, feeble-minded, although perfectly harmless—wouldn't hurt a child, you know."

"Aw, yes," said the visitor, vaguely.

"He has worried me a great deal lately by writing things, you know."

"Quite right," snorted the editor.

"Yes. Letters to the papers on politics and the tariff, poems and stories, you know. He gives them to me to post, and I burn them, you understand."

"Quite right."

"Yes. But last week he sent a story away himself, and I've just found it out, and that's why I came here."

"What do you—you mean that he sent it to this paper?"

"So I understand, sir. Of course I want it destroyed and anything else he sends."

"I'll make a note of it," said the editor, kindly. "You say his name is Archibald Gillespie?"

"Yes, sir. But he doesn't use that name when he writes. He calls himself—he's an idiot, you know—Arbald Glasp."

The editor caught his breath in a surprised sort of way and reached for a pigeonhole.

"And the story?"

"Just a lot of misspelled words jumbled together. He called it—poor fellow—let me see, 'Muss Angloss Jour,' I think it was."

The great editor spread a manuscript before him on the table.

"Great heavens!" he muttered. "I have just accepted it as a French-Canadian dialect story!"—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

CALIFORNIA.

PARTIES will leave New York in October and frequently thereafter for California. The tickets provide for all traveling and hotel expenses for the outward and return trips, all railroad tickets for the side trips in California, with privilege of reduced rates at the hotels in that State, and give the passenger entire freedom of movement. **Special Vestibuled Trains with Dining-Cars. Choice of routes.**

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REV. R. A. GOODWIN, of the Diocese of Virginia, Richmond, Va., says: "I have made use of **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** Spring No. 2, for indigestion and nervous prostration with the happiest results. It has increased, in a marked degree, both my appetite and digestive powers, and invigorated my general health. When suffering great nervous prostration, the result of over mental labor, I have found it a prompt and wonderful restorative, and I regard it as invaluable to the brain worker."

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Mountains,
Seashore,
or the
Picnic.



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Martini,
Whiskey,
Holland
Gin,
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York

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THE MOST PERFECT PRODUCT
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SPURTS, with light SPECIAL Trains,
but the New York Central's Empire
State Express, a REGULAR train
weighing 525,000 pounds, has been
running EVERY BUSINESS day for
nearly five years. The speed of this
train now averages 53 1-3 miles an
hour for the entire distance between
New York and Buffalo, 440 miles,
including four stops and twenty-eight
slow downs.

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regular time of the Empire State
Express considerably EXCEEDS a
mile a minute.

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tracks and block signals, in connection
with the highest type of motive power,
combine to develop the highest speed
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liability. There are many
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are imitation labels and cap-
sules. The genuine has our
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HAVING just received a complete
line of new importations, I would
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Respectfully,

JAMES L. McEWEN.

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THE fourth number of LIFE'S COMEDY will be issued on
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Oriental Rugs.

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Ladies'
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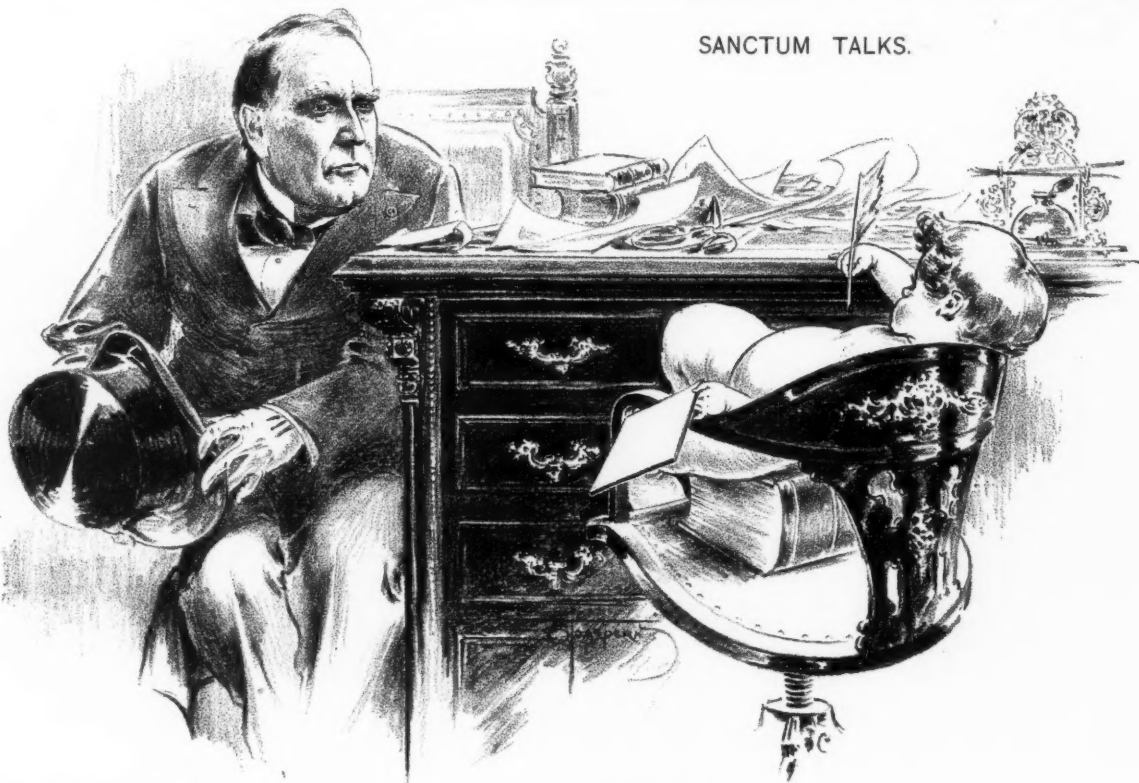
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Driving
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Coats

at
Very Attractive Prices

West 23d St

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"Good morning, Major McKinley."

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CLEVERTON: You didn't take any vacation this year, did you?

DASHAWAY: No. I thought I needed the rest.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVIII. NOVEMBER 5, 1896. No. 723.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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LIFE finds most of its friends this week knee deep in newspapers, and with eyes and ears for nothing but election returns. Speaking with all the reserve which befits a commentator whose observations must be made before the event, it still finds ample grounds for venturing to wish

its readers joy in a great political victory. Assurances abound at this writing that Bryan is beaten, and that free silver coinage and the spectres of anarchy and populism are effectually banished. But it is one thing to hope, with even the best founded confidence, and it is another thing to read the actual returns. Only the older citizens of the Republic can remember an election that compared with this year's in importance or in interest. Gradually, during the four months of the campaign, apprehension had died away, but interest has known no abatement. As hope has risen, the desire for a conclusive and overwhelming sound money victory has increased.



LIFE trusts that its readers are happy in the realization of this honorable longing. It trusts New York has given to Order and the Gold Standard by far the greatest majority it ever gave. It trusts that Illinois has not only buried Bryan, but Altgeld, the arch-conspirator, too; and both deep. It trusts that all the Northwest, all the Middle West, all the old Middle States, the Pacific States

and the Border States, and some from the South, will

count their electoral votes in the same column. That is the sort of victory LIFE hopes for. Not an electoral vote will Bryan get that LIFE will not grudge him, but it is prepared to allow him one hundred and ten. Go look again at the returns, and see if he has so many; and if not, hang out another flag, and raise another cheer.

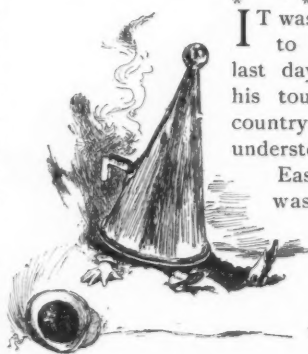


AND what now? Election being over, what next? Now, for one thing for a change of thought and some variety in matters under discussion.

Now, most of all for business.

Everything has waited until now. Now will everything please resume as promptly and as vigorously as possible, and let us see some results. Whoever has been hoarding gold, let him pay it out; whoever has been waiting to invest, let him invest before the best

chances are gobbled up; if any stocks have been waiting to rise, let them rise; all those orders for goods and work that we have been reading about that were conditioned on McKinley's election, will they please get themselves filled now as expeditiously as possible? We want to hear all the wheels go round again; to see the sellers sell and the buyers buy; the working people toil with new hope; the seekers after pleasure pursue their arduous chase with easier minds. Now, if there is a boom waiting anywhere for us, let it come, for we are ready for it.



IT was notable how Bryan seemed to fade out of sight in the last days of the campaign after his tour through the "enemy's country." He seemed to be perfectly understood and estimated in the

East, and not much thought was taken about him afterwards. The story about his having applied last January for a job as theatrical press agent was very widely credited at first, because it corre-

sponded with the idea that thousands of Eastern voters had of the bent of his mind. He seems versatile, fluent, and of a superlative assurance. It will be interesting to see whether he will be able to turn the advertising he has had to profitable account.

Altgeld gained attention while Bryan lost it. Altgeld, Debs, Tillman and Jones came at the last to be the foremost representatives of what the saner voters did not want. They will not be forgotten, but if they are beaten as thoroughly as LIFE trusts they are, it may not be necessary to keep them very prominently in mind.



"I WONDER IF HE REALLY WANTS TO MARRY ME FOR MY MONEY?"
"IT MUST BE THAT, DEAR."



"THIS 'free silver' craze seems to be a disease."
"Yes. Skin."

BOOKISHNESS

THE WHITE PIG GIVES UNCLE REMUS POINTS.

PEOPLE have become so used to good stories from Joel Chandler Harris that a new book by him is accepted as a matter of course. Instead of amazement and applause at a new achievement, readers are apt to say placidly, "What else did you expect?" A tale for children like "The Story of Aaron" (Houghton) from a new hand would be greeted with self-satisfied nods from the favored wise ones who would acclaim a new genius.

But as it is, you say it is only "another Uncle Remus story," and you let your children bury their curly heads in its pages with perfect complacency. You don't know what you are missing—for Aaron is as different from Uncle Remus as Brer Rabbit is from Brer Terrapin.

Aaron's story is told by a lot of domestic animals—but not in the language of Uncle Remus. The animals speak perfectly characteristic English, spelled in the proper way. The individual eccentricities of the Gray Pony,

and the White Pig, and the Black Stallion, appear in all that they say, but the individuality is not created by contortions of spelling—which is a relief to all children and a cause of satisfaction to grown people, who find straightaway spelling difficult enough at times.

The way in which the tale is pieced together by the animals (who let you view the stirring episodes in the life of a plantation family through their eyes) is a triumph of story-telling. It is one of the simplest, and, at the same time, most artistic tales for which Mr. Harris has put the public under obligations.

For those who find unfailing delight in Uncle Remus's own quaint language there has been reprinted, in convenient

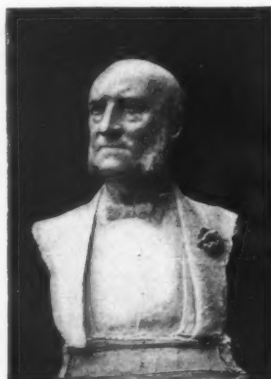
form, "Daddy Jake, the Runaway, and Other Stories Told After Dark" (Century Co.), including that gem of Remus stories, "How the Terrapin Was Taught to Fly."

The beautiful talent that goes ahead producing these marvelous stories, year after year, without any attempt at the arts of contemporary seekers-after-applause, is a constant example to the younger generation of writers in that kind of literary sincerity and modesty that makes for permanent success.

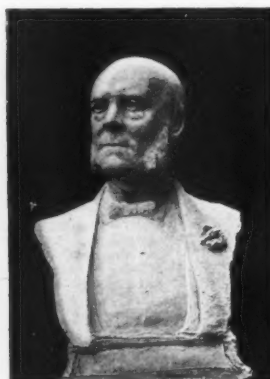
It may be said, by the way, that if *Sweetest Susan* and *Buster John* had been asked to choose the right artist for drawing the Gray Pony and the White Pig, they undoubtedly would

NASAL EXPERIMENTS

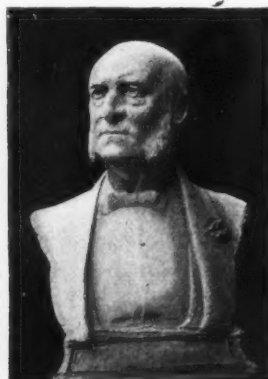
AND THEIR EFFECT UPON A WELL-KNOWN CITIZEN.



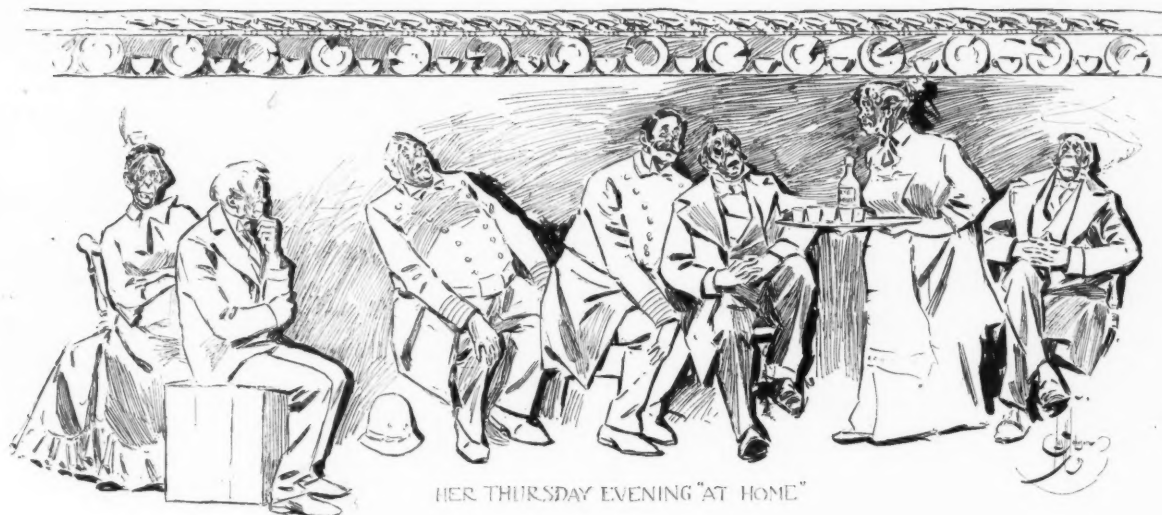
AS HE IS.



WITH A HIBERNIAN NOSE.



WITH A HEBREW NOSE.



HER THURSDAY EVENING "AT HOME"

KITCHEN FRIEZE.

have named Oliver Herford. The publishers have had the good fortune to be of the same opinion.

A NOVEL of adventure in a new field—Australia in the early days of convict life—is provided by E. W. Hornung in "The Rogue's March" (Scribner). The author has a surprising talent for realistic description. What he has to describe is often unpleasant, but it is never awkwardly pictured. All the wild hopelessness and degradation of the life is made so vivid that it seems the record of actual experiences.

When this is combined with ingenuity of plot and a continuous chain of exciting episodes, the result is a romance of the kind that Charles Reade taught a great public to devour with eagerness. It has the advantage of a fine discrimination in the use of effective words. A sensational novel that is well written is rare enough to demand admiration.

Droch.

THE campaign contortions of the *New York Tribune* during these trying times fill the mind of the average reflective citizen with wonder, and a steady perusal of its editorial page is calculated to make Reason totter on its throne. If this thing continues, all the idiot asylums within range will have to turn away applicants clamoring for rest and admission. According to the *Tribune*, there is a creature named Bryan, to whom the devil himself is a saint on earth, who is engaged in a base conspiracy to rob and murder all the innocents in the country, to sack and pillage and destroy, until one stone is not on top of another.

Of course, Bryan will not succeed. We learn from the *Tribune* that out of some 14,000,000 voting citizens of this Republic, he is not expected to receive one vote. Not only this, but all the women and little children are weeping night and day because they are not allowed to cast any ballots for that noble repository of all the virtues, the god-like McKinley.

This rather confirms us in the sneaking admiration for Bryan that we have had all along, and if election day were postponed and we could stand it to read the *Tribune* for two weeks longer, we should probably vote for him.



THE SUMMER GIRL'S DREAM OF AUTUMN.

DIAMONDS

WORN IN THE
LAST ACT ARE FROM

LEVI COHEN

22 MOTSIE STREET

GO TO
ABRAHAM
BUMMEL

FOR
DIVORCES
AND
BREACH
OF
PROMISE
SUITS

GO TO
SIMONS

FOR
OYSTERS
AFTER THE
PLAY

GO TO PLONSKY
FOR
SHOES
33 KIPPUR ST

MONEY
AT GRA
ON DIAM
91 P



OPHELIA.

ON THE ADJACENT SCENERY MAY BE OBSERVED THE BUDDING
AMERICAN (!) THEATRICAL M



PHELIA.

THE BUDDING OF AN IDEA ALREADY ADOPTED BY CERTAIN THEATRICAL MANAGERS.



THE RIVAL OPERA.

THE boxes are not an essential to the artistic success of grand opera in New York, no matter how necessary they may be to the financial and fashionable sides of the opera problem. There are boxes, to be sure, at the Academy of Music, but they are not in any sense as obstreperous as those at the Metropolitan Opera House. Their absence as an architectural feature of the Academy permits the real audience to be concentrated on the performance, and adds to the enthusiasm, although not to the extraneous chatter, which at the other house has so often awakened the hisses of disturbed multitudes.

The New Imperial Opera Company is simply another device of the plutocratic Briton to lure American gold into his own coffers. As a rule, grand opera has not been a great success as a gold lurer, no matter under what auspices it has been undertaken. As an aid to the attainment and maintenance of social position it may have paid dividends to its Metropolitan backers, but as a purely commercial enterprise it remains to be seen whether the generous Englishmen who have sent the new opera to this country, without asking the permission of New York's Four Hundred, will get any returns on their investment.

Judging the enterprise from its initial performance, and purely from an artistic point of view, there exists no reason why it should not be as successful as its competitor. "Aida" was given with a completeness of effect which left little to be desired. The orchestra was competent and well-conducted. The mounting was effective, and the costumes fresh and in character. The chorus was large and well-drilled. The terpsichorean requirements of "Aida" are not extensive, but the ballet was more than sufficient. With these things so good as they were—and except to the hypercritical they count for the larger percentage of an operatic production—

the battle between success and failure was practically won.

The principals, who have not been heard here before, and were not loudly heralded, were an agreeable surprise. This was particularly true of Mme. Parsi, who sang *Amneris*. She not only has an excellent voice for the part, but her dramatic work was most commendable. The *Aida* of Mme. Bonaplata-Bau was not great, but was thoroughly satisfactory. The same can be said of Signor Durot's *Rhadames*. Signor de Anna, the only exception to our statement that the singers were all new to America, has a pleasing voice and sufficient dramatic ability for the part of *Amonasro*.

The fact is that the opera-going public has been making idols of the Metropolitan high-priced artists, largely because they were high-priced, and because the daily newspapers have catered so extensively to what has been largely a fad. To the proper enjoyment of grand opera—not the hysterical frenzies which have taken the place of genuine appreciation—the new company seems almost as well adapted as its predecessors at the other house. At its performances the genuine lovers of operatic entertainment certainly have better opportunities for real satisfaction. The Academy of Music is a most comfortable theatre; its auditorium is not so large as to call for sustained tremendous effort on the part of the artists, and its acoustics are practically perfect for this class of performance. Better than all, the best parts of the house are open to the general public, instead of necessarily being reserved for the heavy financial supporters of the scheme.

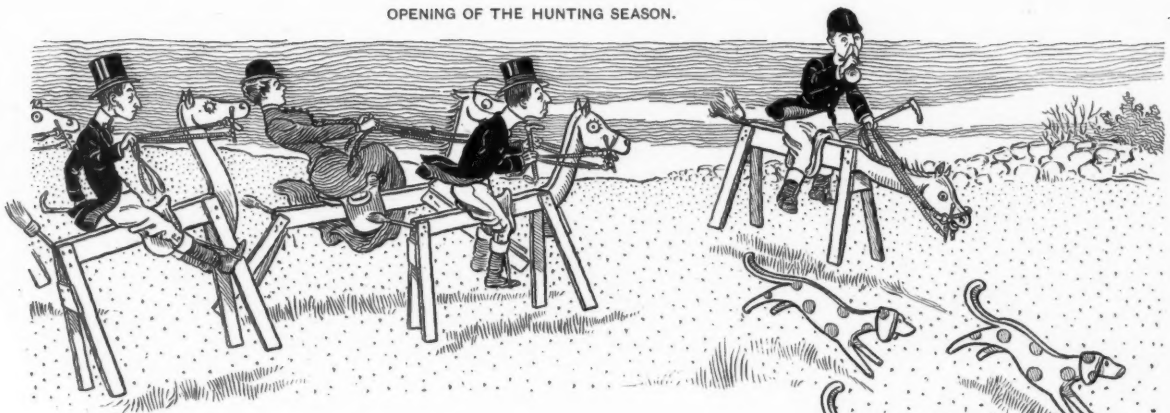
The reception given to the new company was as enthusiastic and appreciative as the management could have desired. In addition to the slight feeling of sympathy for the under dog, there was the gratification arising from agreeably surprised curiosity. Much the larger part of the audience had gone with the expectation of perhaps finding a shabby performance. The completeness of the appointments and rendering put everyone in good humor, and, therefore, gave the new performers a most appreciative audience.

No matter whether the British capitalists who sent the enterprise here win or lose, they have provided excellent entertainment of its kind for those who really enjoy the kind. There being two operatic Richmonds in the field is bound to stimulate both, and no matter what the event, the music-loving public is the gainer.

Metcalf.



OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON.



"HARK AWAY!"

EDITORIAL IDEALISM.

THERE is an impression abroad that editors are shrewd men of business who run their papers on money-making principles. On the contrary, a little reflection will show that the average editor is an idealist of the purest type, on whom the actual facts of life make little impression. His ideal is an imaginary public which never did and probably never will exist, but whose supposed taste governs the editor entirely. This ideal public does not object seriously

to the insertion of the news of the day, provided it is carefully tucked away in obscure corners of the inner sheets. It much prefers rumors and opinions to facts, however, and is especially fond of having full accounts given for a day or two of some interesting matter, which must then be suddenly dropped without a hint of its termination.

During a political campaign it does not care for any real discussion of the issue at stake, but revels in denunciations of the folly and rascality of the other party. Personal attacks on the character of the opposition candidate afford it pure delight.

Nothing else pleases it so much as a contest of some kind. It will cheerfully forego the news any day for a chance to vote for the prettiest restaurant girl, the most popular organ-grinder, or the best make of stove polish.

But it is in the Sunday edition that the taste of this imaginary public rules most tyrannously. It demands full details of scandals that even the police gazettes would touch lightly. It insists upon a full biography of the latest murderer, with pictures of himself and his victims, and diagrams of just how he committed his most famous crimes. It wishes to know the number of pieces, and the cost of each article in the last bride's trousseau, and it likes illustrated articles on "How Actresses Eat Their Suppers."

It revels in descriptions—with pictures, of course—of the accident and incurable wards of the city hospitals, and it is especially interested in photographs of the toughest girl in the 'steenth ward, or of the baby burglar of the South End. And all these tastes the editor labors assiduously to gratify.

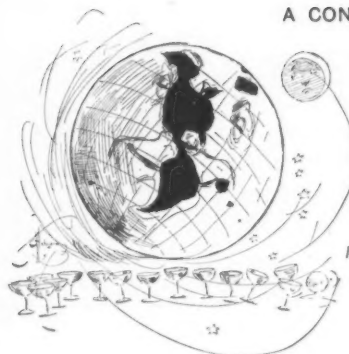
One cannot but admire the strength of the editor's imagination and his fidelity to his ideal, but this lofty devotion is rather hard upon the actual public, which wants the news and distinctly does not want these things. There is a fortune waiting for the editor who, abjuring idealism, caters to the taste of the real instead of an imaginary public.



A NIGHT ALARM.



A CONJUGAL LAMENT.



UPON the stairs his loud tip-toes
Arouse me from a troubled doze,
As staggering bed-ward late at night,
He thrusts himself upon my sight,
With eyes a-squint and ruddy nose.
Would'st thou not feel impelled to blows,
When, breaking on thy night's repose,
His maudlin gaze, in full gas-light,
Upon thee stares?

Quite long enough I've borne these woes,
The doors and windows I will close,
And bolt them hard and fast and tight,
And leave him there in sorry plight
To sober up, next time he goes
Upon these tears!

Samuel N. Pond.

AN URGENT CASE.

PATIENT. If you don't get me well, doctor, you are likely to be stuck.

DOCTOR: How's that?

"I haven't enough money to pay both you and the undertaker."

SUCCESS always travels in the direction you are going; it cannot be met, but must always be overtaken.

UNSELFISH.

SHE: Why is it, dear, that when you get seats at the theatre you always get them so far back?

"On account of your hat. I like other people to see the play."



"HELLO, THERE! DID YOU HAVE A SILVER SPOON IN YOUR MOUTH?"

"NAW. I'M A GOLD MAN!"



WHEN SHE GETS TO JAPAN.

A MYSTERY.

WHY do women wear dead birds as ornaments? There is a general impression that the custom is due to ignorance, thoughtlessness or vanity, but a moment's reflection will show that this is a very superficial explanation. Ignorance cannot be the cause, for the subject has been so fully exploited that it is an insult to the intelligence of any woman who knows how to read to suppose that she is not fully aware of the cost in suffering and bird life of her so-called ornaments. Nor can it be due to vanity or deliberate cruelty, since many of the offenders stand high in their local humane societies.

Evidently there must be some deeper reason which causes tender-hearted women to encourage cruelty, and makes women of taste and refinement willing to deck themselves like savages with the trophies of their unoffending victims. Perhaps the women of our country cherish a profound belief that life is not worth living, and so, as an act of friendship, wish to help out of it whatever they particularly like and admire; though why, in that case, they should have fixed on birds, rather than on such generally liked and easily attainable pets as kittens and puppies, is not apparent. Possibly, however, these will have their turn later. Or perhaps the theosophic theory of reincarnation is more widely diffused than has been supposed, and women, being especially fond of birds, wish to



SUDDEN ACTIVITY IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE APPEARANCE OF A MOTORMAN FROM BROOKLYN.



"GIF ME TWO WHOLE TIGGETS UND VON HELLUF VON."

"YOU'LL NEED THREE—CHILDREN ONLY ARE HALF PRICE."

"DOT'S ALL RIGHD, YOUNG FELLER; DER OLD LATY IS IN HER SECOND, CHILTHOOT."

secure for them a favorable Karma in their next life. It is, in this case, a question of much interest whether the involuntary altruism of, for instance, a brood of young herons starved to death that some fair lady's hat may be trimmed with aigrets will really secure them a fortunate reincarnation. It would be a thousand pities if our matrons and maids are sacrificing their taste and feelings, to say nothing of the birds, to no purpose. Or, again, it may be that such adornments are worn on the principle that led the monks of old to wear haircloth and put peas in their shoes. Possibly their wearers feel that these ornaments are so tasteless, and so suggestive of pain and suffering, that to wear them is at once a penance atoning for many sins, and a means of moral elevation of such value that it is worth the cost of silent groves and slaughtered birds and desolate nests.

These are only suggestions, of course, but LIFE commends to the Audubon Society the solution of this mystery. Some weighty reason must lie behind it, and when that is found it may be possible to combat it to the saving of much bird life and the rehabilitation of what were once our bird haunts.

WHAT SCISSORS ARE NULLS

BILL OF PARTICULARS.



GOOD MINISTER (to a man wishing to be married)—Do you wish to marry this woman?

MAN—I do.

MINISTER—Do you wish to marry this man?

WOMAN—I do.

MINISTER—Do you like the city as a place of residence?

MAN—No; I prefer the suburbs.

MINISTER—Do you like the suburbs?

WOMAN—No, indeed; I prefer the city.

MINISTER—Are you a vegetarian in diet?

MAN—No; I hate vegetables. I live on beef.

WOMAN—I can't bear meat.

I am a vegetarian.

MINISTER—Do you like a sleeping-room well ventilated?

MAN—Yes; I want the window away down, summer and winter.

MINISTER—Do you like so much fresh air?

WOMAN—No; it would kill me. I want all windows closed.

MINISTER—Do you like a light in the room?

MAN—No; can't sleep with a light; want the room dark.

MINISTER—Are you afraid in the dark?

WOMAN—Indeed I am. I always have a bright light in the room.

MINISTER—Do you like many bed-clothes?

MAN—All I can pile on.

MINISTER—Do you?

WOMAN—No; they suffocate me.

MINISTER—I hereby pronounce you man and wife, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls.

—New York Weekly.

AN Englishman at a dinner once told a tale of a tiger he had shot which measured twenty-four feet from snout to tail-tip. Every one was astonished, but no one ventured to insinuate a doubt of the truth of the story. Presently a Scotchman told his tale. He had once caught a fish which he said he was unable to pull in alone, managing only to land it at last with the aid of six friends. "It was a skate, and it covered two acres." Silence followed this recital, during which the offended Englishman left the table. The host followed. After returning, he said to the Scotchman; "Sir, you have insulted my friend. You must apologize." "I dinna insoult him," said the Scot. "Yes, you did, with your two-acre fish story. You must apologize." "Well,"

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Captain Shannon. By Coulson Kernahan.

A Book of Scoundrels. By Charles Whibley. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Not Without Honor. By William D. Moffat. Philadelphia: Arnold and Company.

The Epistolary Flirt. By Esmerie Amory. Chicago: Way and Williams.

Letters of Victor Hugo. Edited by Paul Meurice. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

said the offender, slowly, with the air of one making great concession, "tell him if he will take ten feet of that tiger, I will see what I can do with the fish."

—Argonaut.

IN a dreamy, abstracted manner Pygmalion picked up a robe and threw it over the lovely figure in which the warm blood had scarcely more than begun to pulsate. "What is it, my master?" asked Galatea. "I was thinking," replied the sculptor, rousing himself from his reverie, "what a frost you would have given if I had offered to set you up in the Boston library!"

—Chicago Tribune.

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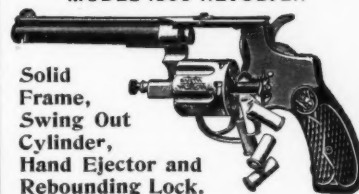
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A DISTINCTION.—"What will it cost," asked young Cholly's father, "to give my boy an education?" "The Lord only knows," replied the Professor, eying the youth thoughtfully; "but you can put him through college for about \$2,000."

—Chicago Tribune.

DANIEL WEBSTER was once sued by his butcher, and the man did not call upon him afterward to trade with him. Webster met him in the course of a few days, and asked him why he didn't call. "Because," said the man, "I supposed that you would be offended and wouldn't trade with me any more." To which Webster replied: "Oh, sue me as many times as you like, but for heaven's sake don't starve me to death."—Argonaut.

It was not necessary for the men in line at the bank to turn their heads in order to be informed that a good-looking young woman was approaching. The winsomely bland smile which flowed across the countenance of the clerk at the window conveyed the information swiftly and conclusively.

"Excuse me," she said as she took her place at the head of the procession—a place which strong and brave men could have reached only by wading through gore—"I would like to ask you a question."

"Certainly."

"Are times really hard?"

"There isn't any use of trying to conceal it. In a good many branches of industry the depression is very serious."

"I'm ever so much obliged to you," she responded, and turned to go away.

"If you were worrying about any particular investment I might be able to give you some advice."

"No. It wasn't about anything especial. I just wanted to satisfy myself that times are hard. I don't really wish to annoy my husband with my expenses, and I thought the best thing to do was to come and find out for certain whether times are hard or whether it is merely the same story that he has been telling me every year when the fall styles come in."—Washington Star.

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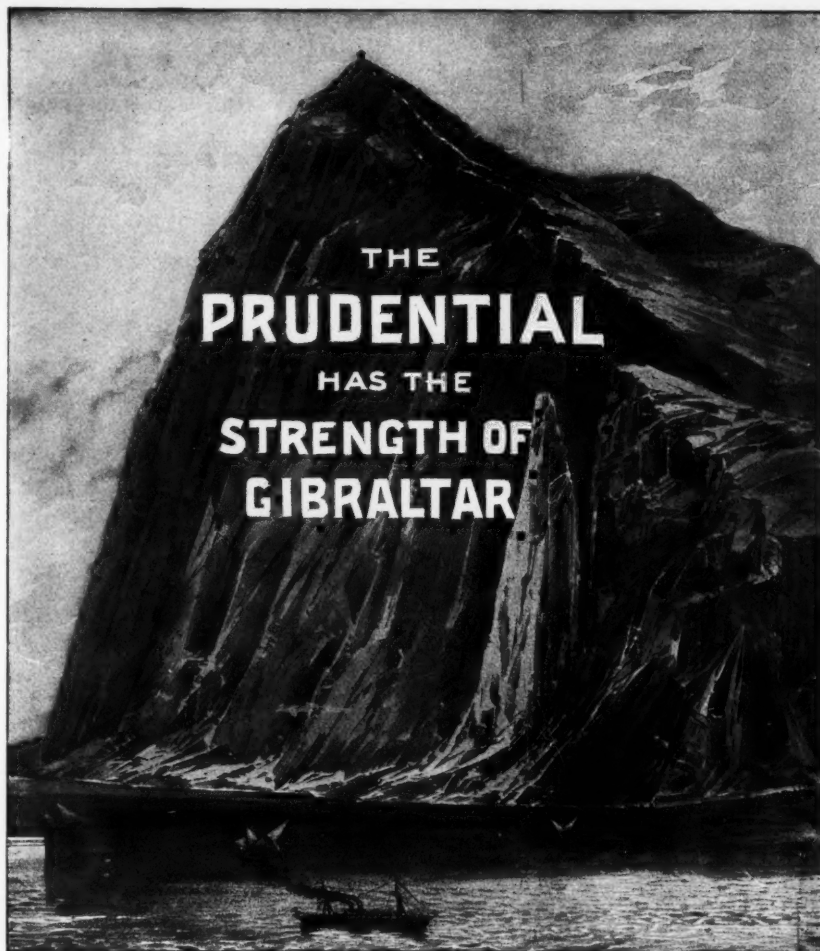
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